

was conducted by the Little Chief in parliamentary style. The evening's discussion was guided and held together by the counsellors. The theme was more or less the same for all, at first, but was broached in different ways with each age group.

We started where we were with our hopes, fears, friends, boy-girl relations. Typical of the Little Ojibways' questions were: How do you make friends? How do you become a part of a crowd? As you can see, those discussions gave us a wonderful insight into the needs of a camper. Fears were numerous — fear of water, fear of horses, fear of speaking in public and fear of being left out. Once a fear was expressed, it was our job to find ways and means of helping the camper overcome it. Sometimes a camper who was fearful of speaking in public suddenly found herself quite naturally taking part in a discussion or making announcements in assembly.

We talked of our attitudes toward home, school and camp. *At home* did we shut the door on everything but our own interests? Did we push about the younger brother or sister or did we look on them as personalities worthy of consideration? Were we interested in older members of the family and all they were doing? Did we take our parents and all they did for us for granted, or did we pitch in and help? Were we interested in our mother's friends? Did she know our friends? We discussed the qualities necessary for a happy home. One said, "Tolerance". Another said, "No! If you have love you don't need tolerance — you don't need any of these qualities we've been talking about — with enough love." And she was dead right! We decided that home was a place where each had a chance to do and be her best and not a place where everyone gives you everything for nothing.

At school were we governed by what others think? Did we fall in with something we knew to be wrong just to prove we were good sports, or had we the courage to

stand for what we knew to be right at the risk of being called a goody-good? Was a leader born, or could anyone become a leader? We came to the conclusion that anyone who took the initiative when she saw something that needed to be done was a leader; that at the root of leadership was caring what happened. If we did not care, we naturally did not bother to put it right.

We talked of the importance of putting people before things. The controversy raged about how it would be possible in a busy office, for instance, to consider people before the work in hand. The campers did readily see that the counsellor or teacher from whom she learned the most was not the one who had been merely an expert in her subject, but was the one who had been personally interested in *her*. Then it all began to make sense.

At camp. What was our attitude toward a new camper? Did we sometimes consider her or were we out for all we could get for ourselves? At this point one camper brought up the following incident. "There were four of us in our cabin. Two of us were old friends, the other two were new campers. They felt left out. When we talked things over we realized that on arrival at camp we had rushed to our cabins, picked out two beds side by side—at night we whispered to each other. We were not talking about them, we simply forgot they were there. No wonder they felt excluded." Another question raised was, had we seen anything around camp detrimental to camp or camper? If so, had we done anything about it?

One camper pointed out that we say each morning in the salutation to the dawn, "Today well spent makes every yesterday a dream of happiness and every tomorrow a vision of hope." Was our day really well spent?

We selected our Little Chief. Did we, after electing her, give her our whole-hearted support or did we have reservations that we whispered about to others?

The discussion of camp situations brought them so

close to those of everyday life that we began to see that here were the roots of some of the world problems which, in days when war was threatening, were real to everyone, and we were learning to realize that these problems did not need to exist. Our discussions were helping us to see how to eliminate them.

The camper's evaluation of the discussion was sometimes based on whether she had made a contribution or not, so it became our policy to see that everyone was given a chance to express herself, and to make sure that her remarks, often inarticulate, were not brushed aside but clarified, so that we all understood what she meant and that she was assured that what she had to say—no matter how simple—was significant.

One Monday evening, the Crees chose for their discussion, "International Relationships." We had a visitor, a prominent lawyer from Toronto, who happened to be Acting Belgian Consul at the time. We will call him Mr. Bob. The campers invited him to go to their council fire, and he agreed to attend on condition that he would not be asked to take part in the discussion but would be allowed to listen. In the heat of the discussion the campers actually forgot about the guest.

They talked about people of all nationalities having likes and dislikes, longings and frustrations just as we have. How barriers of fear, hate and intolerance were due to lack of understanding, to indifference and a feeling of superiority. They discussed ways in which they could foster good relationships by making friends with people from other lands and about how important it was for them to rise above class and race prejudice among people round about them in their school and town. All this and much more Mr. Bob listened to without a word; finally he burst forth: "I've never heard people of your age talk this way before. It all sounds very fine but you will not do anything about it; women don't! They fight for what

they want; then when they get it, they do not use it. They just let it drop, as they did the vote." The campers' hair fairly stood on end. They were furious, and decided there and then to form a "Constructive Canadian Citizens" Club and really *do* something. Their first obligation was to get to know and care for someone they did not like. The second was to get to know someone from another country. Our visitor suggested a third obligation. "Women do not really know facts," he said. "I suggest you read the editorial page along with the funnies every day, and when you have fulfilled all these obligations we want you to come to our house in the city and have further discussions."

It was two months before the campers met their obligation and were qualified to accept the invitation. That meeting at Mr. Bob's home proved an occasion long to be remembered.

Council fires grew to be one of the most important events in the week. Countless questions were being handed in for discussion. The topic was important, of course, but the way in which it was handled and applied to everyday living was more important.

Naturally, some summer discussions were better than others, depending on the leadership, the group and the topics; but I do think that the majority of campers had experienced the difference between being constructive and being destructive in their way of thinking and speaking; had sensed the fun of helping a cabin mate overcome some fear; had a keener sense of responsibility toward their home and school, and knew that they had to begin their venture of "effective living" according to our code by getting to know and care about some one who had hitherto irritated them. They weren't "plaster saints" by any means. But they were a most responsible, reliable group of teen-age campers who were beginning to do real thinking on this world's problems.

CHAPTER 9

Early War Years

THEN war came. It brought us situations that called for the use of all we had been learning in the preceding winter in our discussion group.

At the first Sunday morning chapel the Director omitted a prayer for the soldiers. A small delegation of indignant campers came to her cabin to point this out. The matter was talked over in Assembly and the campers decided they wanted a special prayer each morning at flag-raising, and a two-minute silence every day at twelve noon, when they could say together, or by themselves the prayer:

Grant that all men everywhere may recognize their need of God and turn to Him. Fill my heart, and theirs, with the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Everyone responded wholeheartedly. When the bugle sounded the call you could see a group at campcraft, on the dock, or in the theatre, standing still with bowed heads; and you could hear the murmur of prayer being said, and feel the power of it. It was very impressive.

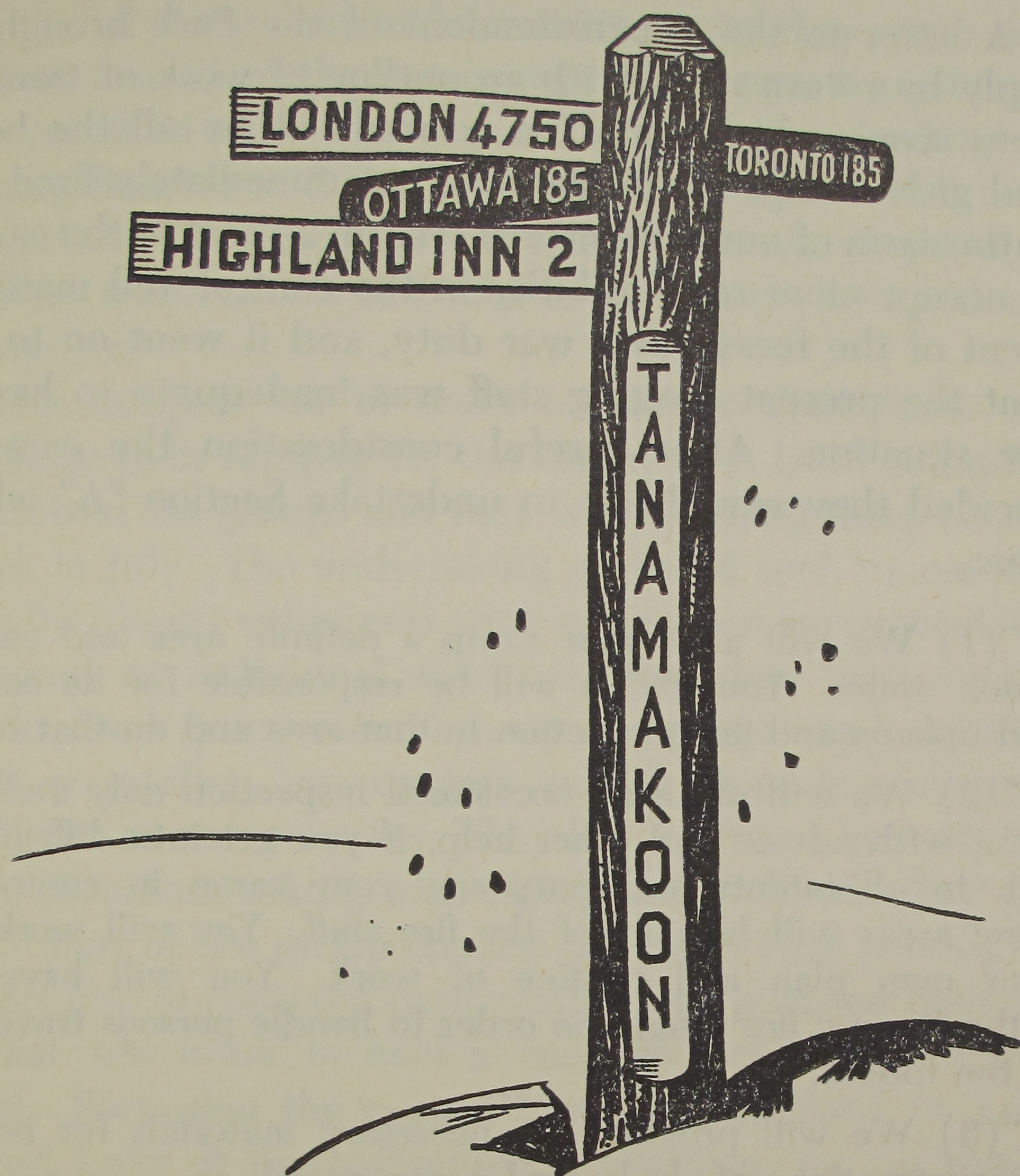
Even after the war was over the twelve o'clock bugle was voted for, and the final decision was that it should

become traditional and should be carried on as long as it had its present meaning for us all.

With the war came a great influx of British war guests. Tanamakoon had twenty-two, some for the summer, some for one month. Some were guests of Tanamakoon, others were sent by their sponsors. To have them was an enriching experience; the initial reserve melted away after the first few days, and there grew instead a great bond of unity.

To most of them camping was quite a new experience. Few had ever paddled a canoe, slept out of doors on a bed of balsam, or even cooked meals over an open fire. They adapted themselves with amazing rapidity to the new surroundings and threw themselves with so much enthusiasm into the new activities that they rivalled, and in some cases outstripped, our own Canadian campers. While many had ridden in England, some even to hounds, none had yet known the pleasure of a canter through Canadian forests. But it was the canoe trips that impressed them as being unique; the passing of preparatory canoe and swimming tests, learning how to pack and carry a pack sack, plan the meals for a five-day trip. Finally, there came the thrill of the trip itself when, with counsellor and guide, they paddled off for their first adventure through the lakes and rivers of Algonquin.

Toward the end of the season, in great secrecy, our guests constructed and carved a cedar signpost with arms pointing to Toronto (182 miles), Highland Inn (21½ miles), London (4720 miles), Ottawa (182 miles), and presented it to Tanamakoon. The signpost symbolized the hope that the end of the war would usher in a new era of broader understanding, and their wish that other arms from other countries would soon be added. The post still stands, and to the original arms have been added arms in honour of campers and counsellors who have come from many countries.



Following the first summer of war guests at camp, the Tanamakoon Alumnae held a theatre night, when the original Ballet Russe was presented at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto. It was a gala affair and the proceeds were used to help give other English war guests an opportunity of enjoying a camping experience.

With the war also came a great longing on the part of the older campers to do their bit in the war effort, and the question now confronting us was, how to provide an opportunity for worthwhile service within the structure of the camp programme.*

* The following paragraph on ranging originally appeared in the January, 1942, issue of *The Camping Magazine*.

A letter to the Superintendent of the Park brought a reply by return mail, with an outline of work of tremendous scope which could be carried out by all the boys' and girls' camps in the Park. This immediately fired the enthusiasm of our campers. It was an appeal to the camps to accept more responsibility in the control and management of the forest, as a war duty, and it went on to say that the present ranging staff was inadequate to handle the situation. After careful consideration the campers decided they would like to undertake Section "A" which was:

"(1) We will allot your camp a definite area and certain canoe routes. Your camp will be responsible for its control and upkeep and fire protection in that area and on that route.

"(2) We will make an occasional inspection only and will assist with advice and other help, if you get into difficulties; but, to all intents and purposes, your camp in control of these areas will be part of the fire staff. You will work out your own plan and routine of work. You will have the authority of a fire ranger, in order to handle persons travelling in the forests.

"(3) We will provide any necessary materials for repairs or constructions of docks and camp sites."

On our arrival at camp, fire ranging started immediately. The Superintendent of the Park, Mr. Frank McDougall, now Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests for the Province of Ontario, visited the different camps in the Park and allotted their territories.

The Tanamakoon area consisted of the canoe route and surrounding area from the mouth of the Madawaska River to Smoke Lake, a distance of about four miles, including four portages. Fire-ranger badges, officially presented by the District Forester, conferred on four counsellors and a selected group of oldest and most responsible campers (17 years and over) much of the authority of the regular fire-rangers. For the rest of the summer, it was the respon-

sibility of these Tanamakoon rangers, as they were now called, to control the movements of persons travelling in the forest in their territory — for example, checking on fishing licenses and the building of fires — as well as to undertake fire protection, the maintenance of portages, and the construction of docks, fireplaces, shelters and new campsites.

The campers set to work to survey their route and organize their ranging for the summer. A head counsellor organized the groups and they went ranging three times a week in July. The undertaking gathered such momentum that by August volunteers were setting out every weekday, although no individual went out more than three times a week. Each group was made up of a canoe-trip or a campcraft counsellor, two rangers and three or four campers of fifteen or sixteen years. They left by canoe immediately after breakfast, taking with them their tools and their dinner. Part of the group cooked the meal, thus leaving the others free to continue their work. They planned their day so that they would be back at camp in time for the evening meal. Portaging the canoes from Beaver Pond to Little Island Lake at first presented a problem, for on regular canoe trips such work is always done by the guides. The solution of leaving a canoe at the far end of the portage and ferrying the campers across Little Island Lake in shifts seemed excellent, until one day the canoe was discovered badly ripped by an inquisitive bear. The next step was the construction of a rack too fragile for the weight of clumsy bruin, and which would hold the canoe well above his reach. This proved satisfactory.

Having decided, on their initial survey, that a new landing was needed at Little Island, the first group set out with a somewhat vague idea of how to build it, together with what they thought they would need in the way of tools. Arriving at their destination, they were surprised to find there a Park fire-ranger. This accidental encounter proved

to be most fortunate, for the fire-ranger, seeing their inexperience, offered to stay and lend a hand in building their first landing. Immediately they found that their small saws and hatchets and 8-inch spikes were hopelessly inadequate. Next time they would know enough to bring axes, 14-inch spikes and a cross-cut saw. Among other things, the fire-ranger taught them the proper use of the cross-cut saw, how to tow logs with their canoes, and in selecting wood, to cut down leaning or dry trees instead of live ones. By the day's end a fine new dock and runway were completed, and the campers turned towards home tired, but eagerly anticipating their next trip when they could put what they had learned into practice.

Working chiefly on campsites, these rangers became very conscious of what a good site should look like. On several occasions they spent the whole day cleaning a site and burying the tins left by careless tourists. Once, on returning to a campsite which they had recently cleaned, they were disheartened to find it again in a disreputable condition and their indignation moved them to dig a large hole in a conspicuous place and to nail on a tree above it this sign:

BURN, BASH AND BURY HERE

Signed by Fire-Ranger No.....

Fire-Ranger No.....

Fire-Ranger No.....

The planning and constructing of a much-needed new campsite on Smoke Lake was done early that first season. With an eye for practical as well as aesthetic advantages, the campers chose a spot a little around the bay from the portage landing, and high enough to ensure dryness and a breeze. After preliminary clearing of the underbrush (axes being used only by those who had demonstrated their ability), they began work on the fireplace, digging well down into the ground and lining the hole with flat



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